

IREDELL EXPRESS.

EUGENE B. DRAKE & SON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Statesville, Friday, February 4, 1859.

PREVIOUS DEDUCTION TO REMIT US MONEY.
Can do so at our risk, by taking the Post Master's Receipt to exhibit, in case the money get lost. Gold Dollars, which we should stick to the inside of the book, with sealing-wax or a seal. Postage-stamps taken as money.

Correction

The firm of Messrs. STEVENSON & BOWEN, Philadelphia, whose advertisement appears in another column, are exclusively in the WHOLE-SALE trade and not "wholesale and retail" as stated by us last week. See their card, and give them a call when you visit Philadelphia to buy goods.

Passage of the Fayetteville and Coal-Feld Road Bill.

The above bill passed its final reading in the House, says the Raleigh Register, on Monday night—years 44, nays 41—and is now a law.

The N. C. Rail Road and Mr. Fisher.

Mr. Fisher the President of this Road has made his Report to the Legislature, which shows the affairs of the Company to be in a more prosperous condition than was feared they might be, and vindicates himself of groundless imputations of incompetency and extravagance in the management of the Road, which have been preferred against him, by persons whose motives and aims are pure and not to be questioned, and whose duty impelled them to investigate a matter of gigantic importance to the State as the Central Road is. We are glad that Mr. Fisher has it thus in his power to clear himself of wrong suspicions, and be able to satisfy the Legislature that the public trust is in no sort of danger in his hands, and that he has administered the Road most ably and efficiently. In our next we will give copious extracts from the Report, as a matter of interest to every tax-payer in the State, and which likewise is well calculated to enhance the value of the stock.

We would suppose that in consequence of the favorableness of the Report, the revenue bill now before the Legislature might be modified considerably in the rate of taxables, as dividends are soon to be anticipated.

Legislative.

The following is a compend of a portion of the doings in the Legislature, unfinished business in that body sums up very little, and a great deal yet remains to be done, in a very short while, to meet the reasonable expectation of the people. Will they who have the power, discharge the duties for which they were elected, without further delay and return to their constituents, who are supposed, in this time, to desire once more to behold their long absent faces—perhaps, "long faces."

The Senate has passed a bill to give married women their estates in certain cases.

A bill to charter the Bank of North Carolina passed its second reading, 24 to 14. It provides for branches at Beaufort, Goldsboro', Williamston, Roxboro', Milton and Salisbury. The bill to establish the County of Alleghany passed its third reading, 24 to 16.

The bill to incorporate the Bank of Lexington passed its third reading.

The bill to amend the charter of the Western Extension—same as T. R. Caldwell's bill in the House—passed its second reading, 22 to 16.

The Coalfields Road bill was to be put upon its third and last reading in the House on Monday night last. It was thought it would pass.

Bill to charter the Bank of Salisbury with branches at Statesville and Mt. Airy is awaiting the action of the House. There is danger of this bill being so loaded with restrictions that no Bank will be organised under the charter if granted.

A bill to extend the charter of the State Bank of N. C. for six years is before the Legislature.

A bill chartering the Bank of Commerce to be located at Newbern has passed both Houses.

The office of State Geologist not to be expunged.

In the House the Revenue bill was taken up, and so amended as not to tax the salaries of preachers of the gospel and U. S. Officers.

The Danville Connection has received its quietus for this session, and instead thereof, a bill has been introduced for a charter to build a Road from Greensboro' to Leakesville at the Va. line—which however, the good people of Greensboro', declare they will not have.

We tender Thanks:

To Hon. A. M. Scales for a copy of Patent Office Reports; to Hons. J. A. Gilmer and Z. B. Vance for interesting documents. Also, to Messrs. Carmichael, Gaither and Simonson of the Legislature for similar favors.

The February number of the University Magazine has reached us. Though the Magazine is always good, we consider this number better than common.

Fat Jobs—Prodigality of the Public money to support a Partisan Press!

Our Democratic cotemporaries are having a fit time of it throughout the country, in advertising the "Mail Contracts" for the government, for doing of which, each paper we believe, receives about \$450 of the people's money. Every Democratic organ in the State, with which we exchange, has its columns or an extra filled with this description of government patronage furnished exclusively to them.

This may be all right, and far be it from us to complain of the government for advertising its Proposals sufficiently; but then we do complain of its being confined to a single class of journals exclusively, as though only Democrats pay taxes or duties which forms the revenue. Moreover, it does seem, that more money is expended in this way than is requisite, more than compare with a judicious regard to the public interest and prudent economy. Is it necessary to advertise in every Democratic paper *exactly* and no other, be they many or few? and to pay exorbitant prices therefore.

To obtain the lowest and best bids, then, would it not be better that this notice would be published in *all* the newspapers than in a certain number, and they the Democratic journals.

The wrong is as apparent as it is unjust, to the mail service and the rights of American citizens, who contribute equally to the revenues of the government, and demand that public proposals should not be confined to any particular locality or class of journals to the *exclusion* of their own.

Instead of the present plan, what objection could be urged against the letting out of the advertising contracts to the *lowest* bidder? the same as the mail service on any other contract.

Correspondents.

We have on hand several contributions for which we will endeavor to find room next week. Our columns have been pretty generally surrendered to contributors this week.

"Linnette" is informed that her request will be granted—of course—who could refuse the little minx that writes so pretty and sings so sweetly?

The Educational Journal.

This popular and valuable friend to Education, entered upon the second year of its noble mission of doing good on the first of January last, and we hail the 1st No. of the 2d Volume with ordinary pleasure. Multiplicity of business has prevented an earlier notice. The price of the Journal is only \$2 a year, payable in advance. Address J. D. Campbell, Esq., Greensboro', N. C.

OUR HOME CORRESPONDENCE.

For the Express.

VOICES OF THE PAST.

Let us sing the voices of the past, floating among the forest trees, Let to the birds' melodies strain, Waken us for distant plains.

While now the rugged east it leaves, You guides our sun half hiding, say it is the west that gives the light, A golden stream of other days.

And stirring memories convey, The stars, and wonder mountain cloud— The sun, the moon, the stars, and hills, With the murmuring of the rills—

As we sing, we sing all our own, A stirring music tone.

Happy home and freedome, And fragrant odors of childhood, roses, That we can not sing again, Now awakes again deep leavens.

Fairy forms and angel eyes, As we sing, we sing all our own, The bright note at midnight hour,

Music, and wild and magic power.

The mountain wreath in faded green, And glories then that we have seen, And blushing flowers of rainbow hue, Ah buried over with pebbly dew;

A sky of blue, and a sun of gold, What capture to the heart hath been;

The gloom of moonless skies night, And a lone, a fiery light.

The music of the earth, the sun, the moon, Both, too, a voice we know full well;

A trembling leaf—the winter's low wail, When the sun sets, and the stars arise,

Life seems a sad, wild, mournful dream, When over the soul such visions glow.

Statesville Female College.

For the Express.

SUNSET THOUGHTS.

BY F. C. CARLTON.

I stood beside my window and looked out upon the sun—upon the pale, pale sky. The gorgeous clouds—dappled by the sun—seemed like mountain piles in solemn grandeur high.

Cliff upon cliff all silently rose, Their purple edges tinged with golden light, While far beneath them lay a silver lake, With its still waters gleaming pure and bright.

Both the hills, deep quiet valleys spread, Where the sun sets, and the shadows of evening descend; Bathed in a soft, mystic light, and the gushing streams.

On I have gazed on such a scene as this, In childhood's hour—seen then its beauty staled Into my heart with the same wading power, And waded with tuncles, far beyond control.

How pleasant, I have thought, to be able to float over these waters, free from every care, And sleep in the soft, balmy air.

So soft stealing through the fragrant summer air!

But as I looked, the glorious vision passed, And night came forth—the fearful, holy night—With all her twinkling stars that over us shone—Such gentle beams of soft, and silvery light.

And thus it is, the airy shapes

That so loved in childhood's merriment days have now faded away, and their joys are now

More like the starlight—so constant rays.

And I am thankful that it is so—

The sunsets glow—but ah! it fades away, More blessed lies to have the clustered light That soon shall melt into eternal day.

Statesville, 1852.

For the Express.

A Scrooge-comic Appeal to the Town Authorities of Statesville.

Messrs. Editors: I wish, through your politeness, to say a few words to our "City Fathers" on the subject of *Time*.

Sages and moralists, in all ages, have tried to impress on their fellow-mortals the great importance of economising their time. The blessed Bible—the Book of Books—inculcates the same doctrine. Every one will admit the great benefit of a right use of our time, and the many evils arising from a misusing of the same. This is so patent that no more need be said on this part of the subject.

Now, gentlemen, that our time is absolutely necessary that we should know how it passes. We ought to be notified of the departure of each hour; otherwise we cannot duly appreciate the flight of time. Give us the day unmarked by hours, and you place us somewhat in the position of a traveler on a strange road, on which there are nei-

ther mile-posts to inform him of, nor houses at which he can enquire, the distance he proceeds in a given time. He may have been told, it is true, that his journey consists of so many miles; but at any particular hour he has no correct knowledge of the distance, he has travelled, and therefore cannot tell whether his speed should be accelerated or not to prevent his being belated. On the other hand, let the road be properly marked off, and he feels easy—he knows each hour how fast and far he has travelled, and how fast and far he must travel, to accomplish his day's journey in due time.

For a well-regulated mind to perform a good day's work, it is absolutely necessary that the day should be properly divided into hours—those *meals* of time—that he may be able to tell precisely at any time how far his task has progressed, and how much he has yet to do, to accomplish his allotted day's work.

So far as each individual man is concerned, he is wild; men are gregarious—they are social beings—they live in communities—they build cities and towns, the members of said communities being bound to a certain extent to work in concert. It is therefore necessary that they should all be governed by certain general rules with regard to their hours of work, recreation, &c.; in other words, that they should all have the same "time o' day."

This can never be accomplished by the best *watches* or private clocks in any community. These water elements seemed inextricable, for it still poured down in streams, with drizzling intervals; but the weather was mild, so that we could be on deck, and see the passing objects.

I had long since heard of the rich lands of Red River, and it was with interest I looked for them; but as yet it was at a vast level forest of waving moss, with water even a sign of the woodman's axe. Here and there was a wood-landing where, while we saw the Indian who had killed and caressed, while he was made to trot with his load of wood from land to boat. Oh! ye patriotic abolitionist! in the plenitude of your years, and in the multitude of your prayers for down trodden black humanity strain out one more tear—send up one more petition to the Indian boatman; your voice will be heard in the deck hands.

This is not right; it should not be; it has a direct tendency to create "confusion worse confounded." It tends to lying and duplicity, to loss of time, and to loss of temper.

Suppose a man is summoned before "His Honor the Judge of our Superior Court of Law," at a certain hour on a certain day "to give evidence," &c. He has a certain number of miles to ride, if living in the community, or he has certain business to transact, if living in town. He consults his watch, and finds that he can still till a certain hour, or do a certain amount of work, and still be at the Court House in time; but when he gets there, he finds, that after good-natured waiting some time the Judge has had him "called out of Court," and a man recited against his name. He pulls out his watch, by which it appears he is in good time. His Honor pulls out his, and tells him he is a good half hour behind time. The swift hands pull out his, and finds they are not so strong. In fact, out of the multitude of watches in Court, there may not be any two of them precisely alike; the motions of their hands will be found to vary as much, perhaps, as the emotions of the men's minds who wear them.

How is this case to be decided? There is no town-clock to which to refer; no public record to which the people of Statesville look up. Here is confusion.

Let an unkind boy be late to school, and he pleads that he is right by the clock at home. He may be telling a lie; yet the teacher hates to punish him, as he cannot tell to a certainty where the fault lies, as (the teacher's) clock or watch may be wrong.

Should the boy get off with impunity at this time, he will be very apt to play truant at some other time, depending on the discrepancies existing between the different clocks and watches for a mode of escape. Were there a town clock this could not happen. Thus, you see gentlemen, how the lack of a town clock leads to lying and duplicity, and that too, among our rising generation, our future Presidents, Senators, Representatives, &c.

Let us now consider the want of a town clock for the want of a town clock.

Now think what will be the result if these men are to be made to pay the piper for their sins.

Let us now consider the want of a town clock.

Now think what will be the result if these men are to be made to pay the piper for their sins.

Let us now consider the want of a town clock.

Now think what will be the result if these men are to be made to pay the piper for their sins.

Let us now consider the want of a town clock.

Now think what will be the result if these men are to be made to pay the piper for their sins.

Let us now consider the want of a town clock.

Now think what will be the result if these men are to be made to pay the piper for their sins.

Let us now consider the want of a town clock.

Now think what will be the result if these men are to be made to pay the piper for their sins.

Let us now consider the want of a town clock.

Now think what will be the result if these men are to be made to pay the piper for their sins.

Let us now consider the want of a town clock.

Now think what will be the result if these men are to be made to pay the piper for their sins.

Let us now consider the want of a town clock.

Now think what will be the result if these men are to be made to pay the piper for their sins.

Let us now consider the want of a town clock.

Now think what will be the result if these men are to be made to pay the piper for their sins.

Let us now consider the want of a town clock.

Now think what will be the result if these men are to be made to pay the piper for their sins.

Let us now consider the want of a town clock.

Now think what will be the result if these men are to be made to pay the piper for their sins.

Let us now consider the want of a town clock.

Now think what will be the result if these men are to be made to pay the piper for their sins.

Let us now consider the want of a town clock.

Now think what will be the result if these men are to be made to pay the piper for their sins.

Let us now consider the want of a town clock.

Now think what will be the result if these men are to be made to pay the piper for their sins.

Let us now consider the want of a town clock.

Now think what will be the result if these men are to be made to pay the piper for their sins.

Let us now consider the want of a town clock.

Awful Catastrophe!
Burning of the Steamer North Carolina, of Baltimore.

The steamer Georgia arrived in our harbor this morning, with the startling and painful intelligence of the burning of the steamer North Carolina on Friday morning last, on her passage from Baltimore to Norfolk, with 26 passengers on board, all of whom fortunately escaped death, except one, the Rev. Mr. Curtis, an Episcopal Minister of South Carolina, who was on his way home from the North, and one of the Stewards of the boat, a negro man.

The fire was discovered, on Friday morning, about half past one o'clock, in one of the state rooms of the upper saloon, at which time the boat was about three miles below Smith's Point Light Boat. The pumps were immediately set to work, but the fire had already gained such headway as to be impossible to stop it, and the boats were immediately hoisted out and all efforts made to save the passengers and crew. Every soul on board it is believed, was saved but the two persons above named.

A lady with a child came down by the stanchions from the upper to the lower deck, where she threw the child overboard and jumped over after it. Her husband, seeing their perilous situation, leaped in to save them, while the heroic Capt. Henry Fitzgerald, plunged into the water to assist them, thus, making four in the water at one time, all of whom were saved by the boats after some difficulty.

There were seven ladies on board the boat, all of whom barely escaped to the small boats in their night garments, not having an opportunity to get even their shoes and stockings. The exception was a lady whose nervous condition would not allow her to sleep and she was in full dress, as she had not retired.

The escape of the small boats was fortunately favored by the presence of calm weather, otherwise it is believed the loss of life would have been much greater.

The hull of the steamer burnt to the water's edge, and it is supposed she sank, as nothing was seen of her after the fog cleared away.

No baggage, or anything of value whatever was saved. The U. S. mail for Norfolk was also destroyed. It is believed that Addam's Express loses by this catastrophe, near \$7000. But by a fortunate accident, they were prevented from losing \$200,000, Government funds, which was expected here to pay off, but did not get aboard in time, and came down in the steamer Georgia.

The passengers are now in our city and Portsmouth, and having lost every thing they had on board, are rendered destitute.

It is believed the fire originated in one of the forward state rooms, which was occupied by the Steward for keeping the linen, &c., belonging to the boat, and that when the door of the room was opened the whole saloon was in a light blaze by the draft of the air rushing through.—*Norfolk Daily-Book—Extra.*

Indian Tradition about the Cascades of the Columbia.

In the bed of the Columbia river, not far above the Cascade, are numerous trunks of trees rising far above the water, and with the appearance of having been there for ages. In places they are so thick and of such uniform height as to resemble piles driven for a wharf. These stand upright, and are finely planted in the ground. Some of them, we are told, are petrified. It is certain that these trees had their growth upon dry-land. One conjecture is that a land-slide, centuries ago, perhaps, precipitated them into the water; that is not improbable, though the adjacent mountains now present few, if any, evidences of such a slide. The Indian tradition is that at the Cascades once there was a natural bridge, or that the mountain-chain was unbroken there, and the waters of the Columbia passed under them, through a tunnel; that mount St. Helens and Lainier got to quarreling and broke down this bridge, filling up the channel and causing the water to rise above, thus submerging the flat upon which the trees stood, and which now constitutes the bed of the river. It is not impossible the Columbia may have passed through a natural tunnel some day at the Cascades; and there are certain indications of there once having been heavy land-slides.—*Oregon Statesman*

How Mr. Webster obtained His Wife.

A correspondent of a Boston paper tells how Daniel Webster offered himself to the woman of his choice:

"Mr. Webster married the woman he loved, and the twenty years which he lived with her brought him to the meridian of his greatness. An anecdote is current on this subject, which is not recorded in the books. Mr. Webster was becoming intimate with Miss Grace Fletcher, when the skein of silk getting in a knot, Mr. Webster assisted in unraveling the snarl—then looking up to Miss Grace, he said—'We have untied a knot; don't you think we could tie one?' Grace was a little embarrassed, and said not a word, but in the course of a few minutes she tied a knot in a piece of tape and handed it to Mr. W. This piece of tape, the thread of his domestic joys, was found after the death of Mr. Webster, preserved as one of his most precious relics."

It is said that the fees of the Sheriff of New York county amounted to \$22,200 last year.

Selections For A Newspaper.

Most people think the selecting of suitable matter for a newspaper is the easiest part of the business. How great an error. To look over and over hundreds of exchange papers every week, from which to select enough for one, especially when the question is, not what shall, but shall not be selected, is no easy task. If every person who reads a newspaper could have edited it, we would hear less complaints. Not unfrequently is it the case that an editor looks over all his exchange papers for something interesting, and can absolutely find nothing. Every paper is drier than a contribution box, and yet something must be had—his sheet must come out with something in it, and he does the best he can.

To an editor who has the least care about what he selects, the writing that he has to do, is the easiest part of the labor. Every subscriber thinks the paper printed for his own benefit, and if there is nothing in it that suits him, it must be stopped—it is good for nothing. Just so many subscribers as an editor may have, so many tastes he has to consult. One wants something smart, another something sound. One likes anecdotes, fun and frolic, and another wonders that a man of sense will put such in his paper. Something argumentative, and the editor is a fool. And so between them all, you see the poor fellow gets roughly handled. And yet ninety-nine out of a hundred, those things do occur. They never reflect that what does not please this, may please the next man, but they insist that if the paper does not suit him, it is good for nothing.—*Canada W. Sentinel.*

The Tariff.

The low state of the national treasury affords the friends of a high tariff an excuse for clamoring for an increase of the duties on foreign imports—a plan for enriching the North at the expense of the South. It is said that a strong effort will be made to increase the tariff rates at the present session of Congress. No doubt the present duties will raise revenue sufficient for governmental expenses as soon as the country recovers entirely from the late panic, although they may not raise enough to satisfy the cupidity of Treasury plunderers and northern capitalists. The Secretary of the Treasury is opposed to an increase, and we hope the whole South will oppose it unitedly.—*Char. Dem't.*

Wealth of the Pope.

It is said that the Pope receives out of his State some \$8,000,000 a year. Of this, \$6,000,000 goes to his private affairs, and \$2,190,000 to pay interest—\$2,700,000 go to support the army and police; \$600,000 to maintain the prisons; \$24,000 to schools. Other expenses in proportion. The yearly deficiency is \$1,800,000. The clergy own one million dollars' worth of real estate, and hold all the fat offices. The State debt is twenty-seven millions.

Mr. Murphy is about to play twenty games blindfold at the same time. He publicly challenges Harwitz to play a match of five or seven games for five hundred francs, offering the odds of the pawn and move. This chivalrous *cartel* was not accepted.

The London Times opposes the Monroe doctrine strongly.

A LITERARY ENTERPRISE HONORABLY CONDUCTED.—It is stated that during the year 1818, Mr. G. G. Evans, of Philadelphia, distributed among his patrons over \$200,000 worth of gifts, consisting of gold and silver watches, gold jewelry, silver plated ware, silk dress patterns, and other elegant gifts of intrinsic value. Mr. Evans being the originator of the gift Enterprise, has distanced all competition, drawn down all opposition, and endorsed by all the leading publishing houses in the United States. All the popular and standard works of ancient and modern authors can be found on Mr. Evans' Catalogue for 1859, which is sent free to any address. *Daily Journal, Cincinnati.*

Commercial.

List of persons having goods remaining at the Statesville Depot up to February 1, 1859.

A M. Howell 1 trunk, John B. Andrews 1 box, W. R. Stevens 1 box, E. Falls, Albin & Watts 150 lbs, J. White & Co. Son 1200 lbs, J. W. Stockton, Watts White & Co. R. F. Simonson 100 lbs, N. Ervin 1 half year, W. L. Jenkins, Isaac Sherrill 1 1/2 pr marble, M. Baily 1 pr marble, Gray & Bryan & Co 1 lot marble, O. Ellis 1 pr Dr. S. D. Dean, J. Johnson 1 pte, W. C. Long 1 pte, Dr. W. A. Collett 1 pte, Dr. M. T. Locks 3 pds, Patrick Fried 1 pte, M. R. Richardson 3 pds, Mary D. Cavin 1 pte, Mrs. Aston 1 pdg, Jake Boston 1 pr boots, E. G. Green 1 lot trees E. B. Drake lot of type and printing materials

Hymeneal.

MARRIED.
In Iredell county, on the 25th of Jan., by John Patterson, Esq., Mr. NATHANIEL HOLLOWAY to Miss ELIZABETH WEISNER.

Obituary.

DIED.
Suddenly at Haynesville, Lowndes co., Ala. Dec. 27th, WALLACE W. MUSHAT, in the 42 year of his age.

But a few months ago, Mr. Mushat was ordained an elder of the Presbyterian Church at Haynesville. By his death, the Church has lost an active and efficient officer, the community a valuable member.

"The depth of the riches both of the wisdom, and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out."

It is said that the fees of the Sheriff of New York county amounted to \$22,200 last year.

NEW CROP Molasses.

5 hhds. Prime New Crop MUSCOVADO MOLASSES, just received, and for sale by W. H. CASON.

Feb. 4, 1859.—9-1m

Valentines!

A large assortment of beautiful VALENTINES, For sale at the

FANCY STORE
Or
S. J. RICKETT.

Feb. 4, 1859.—9-2w

Fifth Year of the Enterprise!

NEW LIST OF GIFTS
For 1859.

CATALOGUES FREE TO ALL.

G. G. EVANS,
AT HIS ORIGINAL GIFT BOOK STORE,

439 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia,

Commences the New Year with an enlarged Catalogue, a greater variety of Gifts, increased prices for buying Books and Writing Cases, and now prepared to offer Time and Indulgence to Booksellers and Importers. Time has proved that the Gift System is permanent.

EVANS is determined to prove that his Establishment is the most popular and the most convenient and popular manner than any other. His Booksellers are almost all opposition, and having the legitimacy of his plan of operation acknowledged from Master to California, he is obliged to be generous. Try him, and judge for yourself.

Schedule of Gifts.

Patent English Lever Gold Watch, \$100.00

Patent Lever Gold Watch, \$90.00

Patent Lever Gold Watch, \$80.00

Patent Lever Watch, \$70.00

Patent Lever Watch, \$60.00

Patent Lever Watch, \$50.00

Patent Lever Watch, \$40.00

Patent Lever Watch, \$30.00

Patent Lever Watch, \$20.00

Patent Lever Watch, \$15.00

Patent Lever Watch, \$10.00

Patent Lever Watch, \$8.00

Patent Lever Watch, \$6.00

Patent Lever Watch, \$5.00

Patent Lever Watch, \$4.00

Patent Lever Watch, \$3.00

Patent Lever Watch, \$2.00

Patent Lever Watch, \$1.50

Patent Lever Watch, \$1.00

Patent Lever Watch, \$0.80

Patent Lever Watch, \$0.60

Patent Lever Watch, \$0.50

Patent Lever Watch, \$0.40

Patent Lever Watch, \$0.30

Patent Lever Watch, \$0.20

Patent Lever Watch, \$0.10

Patent Lever Watch, \$0.05

Patent Lever Watch, \$0.02

Patent Lever Watch, \$0.01

Patent Lever Watch, \$0.00

Poetry.

War and Love.

By RICHARD MONTGOMERY.

War and Love went forth to fight,
War and Love in all their might,
War with force, and Love with wiles,
War in frowns, but Love in smiles.

War aroused the world to arms;
Love for peace display'd her charms;
War o'er all in ruin swept;
Love beheld the scene, and wept.

War in flames Love's warri' bound;
Love as quick her martyr's crown'd;
War prepar'd the bitter cup,
Love in pity drank it up.

War threw up his bolts 'gainst Heaven,
Love entered—war was then forgiven;
War untroubled, gales still,
Love o'er-burdened, bears the ill.

War to dread collision came,
Love stood French'd in seatless flame;
War had swords, but Love had darts;
War struck heads, but Love struck hearts.

War struck high; but Love stoop'd low,
War Love's celestial blow;
War had wounds, but Love had none;
War expired, and Love had won.

Amusement and Instruction.

Lost and Restored.

A WORD IN SEASON—HOW GOOD IT IS.

A Sketch from Life.

An Entertainer.

"You have just returned, friend Manson," said Livingston, "from your western journey?"

"Yes," he replied, "I have; and there was a circumstance which will make it the most memorable event in my whole life."

"Indeed; and what was that my friend?"

"Ah, it would take more time than either you or I could spare," said Mason, "for me to relate, or you to listen to, the particulars; but I will attempt a very brief sketch of the substance."

"When I went to school in Connecticut, I had a very dear friend and associate, named John McL—d.—He was one of the brightest and most beloved pupils in the school. He grew up, paid his addresses to a beautiful and excellent young lady, a member of the church. At length they were married, and they prepared immediately after that event, in pursuance of a previous plan, to leave the State. The day we're to separate, perhaps forever, I had a tender interview with my bosom friend and his lovely wife, which was deeply affecting to all. The next morning they departed with the affectionate farewells of many old friends and neighbors of the town in which they were born and reared; and with a handsome provision made by the parents of both, were in affluent circumstances."

"Ten years elapsed, during which I was called to the Methodist ministry in distant places, as my lot happened to be cast. Not a word concerning them reached my ears in all that time. The course of duty called me to the vicinity of the place where my friends had settled, and I resolved to go out of my way considerably, and give John and Mary a call. Arriving at the town, and enquiring for their residence, I was told they lived some distance from the centre of the village. At length I found the place. At the first glance my mind misgave me. The sight of the miserable cabin made me sick, and after hitching my horse, I hardly dared to enter. Knock, I could not—there was no door—nothing but a blanket stretched across the passage. Removing this, alas! what did I behold! There was Mary sitting on a stool, with an infant on her lap, and another child in the corner, on the ground, for the cabin had no floor.

"O, sight of woe! How altered was the lovely Mary T."

"O, Mr. Manson, is it indeed you?"

We are ruined; John is lost; and the children and I are starving here.

We have not had a mouthful to eat since yesterday morning."

"Great heavens—said I—and where is John?"

"He is at the store, and has not been here for several days."

"I must see him."

"Better not, sir; he is savage now, and will ill-treat you."

"I must and will see John."

I started immediately for the store, according to her direction. There was no time to lose, for I was to be at Conference, whither I was bound, at a certain time appointed. I readily found the store, and entered. The first sight disclosed four men playing cards at a table. The next glance discovered a man stretched out along a whiskey-hogshead. The landlord was sitting by, but instantly hopped up and ran behind the counter to wait upon me, supposing I was a customer. Said I,

"Is John McL—d here?"

They looked at me on hearing that question, as if I had been the "evil one," or a sheriff.

"What is that to you?" he sullenly replied.

"I want to see him."

Whilst I was speaking, I took another sweep of the room with my eye, and saw something like a man asleep in the corner.

"Is that John?"

"None of your business," answered the surly bar-keeper.

"If it is that unhappy man, you will find it is some of my business, sir."

So I went to him, recognized him, though in this shocking, beastly plight, and began to try to wake him. This

was no easy job; and while I was about it, the landlord and his guests remonstrated, telling me to go away, threatening chastisement, and showing violence. I had in my hand a loaded whip, and am not inferior, you know, in point of muscular power. In the whole of the twenty-seven years I have been in the ministry, I have never felt so strong a disposition at a moment to give four or five men a thrashing. They were intimidated, and I succeeded in getting John upon his legs, and trotting him off homewards. My presence and the exercise sobered him, so that when he reached his hovel he was in his right mind.

I forgot to mention that when I first went into the house, the child upon the ground started up affrighted, running up to her mother crying, "Is he going to carry us to jail, mother? where father is?"

And that mother sobbed upon my hands as if her heart would break.

Well, I conversed with them an hour, talked of old times in Connecticut, the old village, and the schoolboys. He was softened; his heart was touched. Then I urged the pledge; his wife put in her earnest, almost piteous. She felt this to be, indeed, the hour of destiny.

"They are Passing Away."

"They are passing away." Amid the busy scenes of life we are often made to realize the shortness of this existence, by being called to part with some dear friend. To-day, we see a circle of friends in perfect health—made joyous by the prospect of long life and happiness, and forgetful of the uncertainty of human existence—their only thought is for this world, and the happiness in store for them. But alas! their hopes are vain. To-morrow, death—that silent messenger—enters that happy circle, and one of their number with high hopes and expectations, to be seen upon earth no more. Look upon that happy family, now seated around the home fireside: they know not the meaning of the words "care and sorrow"—will it ever be thus? Again we visit them; but now they gaze in mute despair upon the inanimate form of their darling. Death has visited that family, and Red Weatherfield are the best kinds. If Parsley was not sown in the autumn, it should now be put in the ground as soon as possible.

South of this, say at latitude 31 degrees and further South, all spring-work will begin in earnest, sowing and planting all the hardy vegetables, as cabbage, turnips, beets, Irish potatoes, radishes, lettuce and others.

Flower Garden and Shrubbery.

This is a good time to transplant Roses and other shrubbery; also for

the class-leader, left him some money for the family, and enjoined upon him to look after them, and throw around John the shield of all good influences, to prevent his suffering a relapse. Whatever further charges he should incur on their account, I promised to pay as soon as informed of them.

It was now quite time for me to go, and resume my journey; but I could not leave the town before I called upon the class-leader, left him some money for the family, and enjoined upon him to look after them, and throw

around John the shield of all good influences, to prevent his suffering a relapse. Whatever further charges he should incur on their account, I promised to pay as soon as informed of them.

Another decade rolled by, during which no tidings came to me at the East, from this interesting couple. At length I was called again to visit those western regions, and to pass near the residence of this unfortunate brother. On reaching the town, my disappointment was extreme, to learn that he had removed to a distant country. I anticipated misfortune; but as the place designated was not far from my intended route, I resolved to go on and see him. When I entered the town in which John was said to live, I made enquiry for his dwelling, and was told it was the second house on the left hand side of the road.—Being now so near, I hastened on eagerly, and presently a nice framed building, painted white, appeared. "I could not help putting up an ejaculatory prayer that my dear friend might be so happy as to occupy any house half as respectable as this. Expectation now became painfully intense.—What mercy was I sent to see? A

thing like that, or worse, which ten years before left such awful traces on the memory, never to be obliterated. I could not tell. At a sudden turn in the road I thought I discerned another white house in the distance among the trees. Yes, it is so, with green blinds, and as I went nearer, gravelled walks were seen, handsome ornamental trees, and a shrubbery. Surely, there must be some mistake in the direction. This cannot be John's house; it is the second on the left.

Fastening my horse to a hook, I went to the door and knocked. A girl, on the verge of womanhood, opened it.

"Does Mr. McL—d live here?" I asked, with trembling voice.

"He does, sir."

"Is he or his wife at home?"

"Mother is within, sir, but father is in the field. Please walk in, sir."

My eye glanced through the open parlor door. There were handsome chairs and other furniture; but I saw no more, for Mrs. McL—d by this time was informed of a gentleman's arrival, and lost no time in making her appearance. "Good God!" was all I remember to have heard from her, as she rushed forward on seeing me, and clasped me by the neck. She almost fainted, and shed a flood of tears; and my own condition was not much more composed. Recovering a little, she informed me that her husband was at home, but out on the farm. Too impatient to wait, I hurried away to see him. He met me as he was coming home. As soon as he knew who it was, he ran forward and grasped me in his arms, saying, as he strained me to his bosom,

"Thank God! thank God! you are my saviour, under Heaven. This is all your work," looking around. "O I am so much rejoiced that you are here to see it."

So I went to him, recognized him, though in this shocking, beastly plight, and began to try to wake him. This

was no easy job; and while I was about it, the landlord and his guests remonstrated, telling me to go away, threatening chastisement, and showing violence. I had in my hand a loaded whip, and am not inferior, you know, in point of muscular power. In the whole of the twenty-seven years I have been in the ministry, I have never felt so strong a disposition at a moment to give four or five men a thrashing. They were intimidated, and I succeeded in getting John upon his legs, and trotting him off homewards. My presence and the exercise sobered him, so that when he reached his hovel he was in his right mind.

I forgot to mention that when I first went into the house, the child upon the ground started up affrighted, running up to her mother crying, "Is he going to carry us to jail, mother? where father is?"

And that mother sobbed upon my hands as if her heart would break.

Well, I conversed with them an hour, talked of old times in Connecticut, the old village, and the schoolboys. He was softened; his heart was touched. Then I urged the pledge; his wife put in her earnest, almost piteous. She felt this to be, indeed, the hour of destiny.

"They are Passing Away."

"They are passing away." Amid the busy scenes of life we are often made to realize the shortness of this existence, by being called to part with some dear friend. To-day, we see a circle of friends in perfect health—made joyous by the prospect of long life and happiness, and forgetful of the uncertainty of human existence—their only thought is for this world, and the happiness in store for them. But alas! their hopes are vain. To-morrow, death—that silent messenger—enters that happy circle, and one of their number with high hopes and expectations, to be seen upon earth no more. Look upon that happy family, now seated around the home fireside: they know not the meaning of the words "care and sorrow"—will it ever be thus? Again we visit them; but now they gaze in mute despair upon the inanimate form of their darling. Death has visited that family, and Red Weatherfield are the best kinds. If Parsley was not sown in the autumn, it should now be put in the ground as soon as possible.

South of this, say at latitude 31 degrees and further South, all spring-work will begin in earnest, sowing and planting all the hardy vegetables, as cabbage, turnips, beets, Irish potatoes, radishes, lettuce and others.

Flower Garden and Shrubbery.

This is a good time to transplant Roses and other shrubbery; also for

the class-leader, left him some money for the family, and enjoined upon him to look after them, and throw

around John the shield of all good influences, to prevent his suffering a relapse. Whatever further charges he should incur on their account, I promised to pay as soon as informed of them.

It was now quite time for me to go, and resume my journey; but I could not leave the town before I called upon the class-leader, left him some money for the family, and enjoined upon him to look after them, and throw

around John the shield of all good influences, to prevent his suffering a relapse. Whatever further charges he should incur on their account, I promised to pay as soon as informed of them.

Another decade rolled by, during which no tidings came to me at the East, from this interesting couple. At length I was called again to visit those western regions, and to pass near the residence of this unfortunate brother. On reaching the town, my disappointment was extreme, to learn that he had removed to a distant country. I anticipated misfortune; but as the place designated was not far from my intended route, I resolved to go on and see him. When I entered the town in which John was said to live, I made enquiry for his dwelling, and was told it was the second house on the left hand side of the road.—Being now so near, I hastened on eagerly, and presently a nice framed building, painted white, appeared. "I could not help putting up an ejaculatory prayer that my dear friend might be so happy as to occupy any house half as respectable as this. Expectation now became painfully intense.—What mercy was I sent to see? A

thing like that, or worse, which ten years before left such awful traces on the memory, never to be obliterated. I could not tell. At a sudden turn in the road I thought I discerned another white house in the distance among the trees. Yes, it is so, with green blinds, and as I went nearer, gravelled walks were seen, handsome ornamental trees, and a shrubbery. Surely, there must be some mistake in the direction. This cannot be John's house; it is the second on the left.

Fastening my horse to a hook, I went to the door and knocked. A girl, on the verge of womanhood, opened it.

"Does Mr. McL—d live here?" I asked, with trembling voice.

"He does, sir."

"Is he or his wife at home?"

"Mother is within, sir, but father is in the field. Please walk in, sir."

My eye glanced through the open parlor door. There were handsome chairs and other furniture; but I saw no more, for Mrs. McL—d by this time was informed of a gentleman's arrival, and lost no time in making her appearance. "Good God!" was all I remember to have heard from her, as she rushed forward on seeing me, and clasped me by the neck. She almost fainted, and shed a flood of tears; and my own condition was not much more composed. Recovering a little, she informed me that her husband was at home, but out on the farm. Too impatient to wait, I hurried away to see him. He met me as he was coming home. As soon as he knew who it was, he ran forward and grasped me in his arms, saying, as he strained me to his bosom,

"Thank God! thank God! you are my saviour, under Heaven. This is all your work," looking around. "O I am so much rejoiced that you are here to see it."

So I went to him, recognized him, though in this shocking, beastly plight, and began to try to wake him. This

was no easy job; and while I was about it, the landlord and his guests remonstrated, telling me to go away, threatening chastisement, and showing violence. I had in my hand a loaded whip, and am not inferior, you know, in point of muscular power. In the whole of the twenty-seven years I have been in the ministry, I have never felt so strong a disposition at a moment to give four or five men a thrashing. They were intimidated, and I succeeded in getting John upon his legs, and trotting him off homewards. My presence and the exercise sobered him, so that when he reached his hovel he was in his right mind.

"To drown the whole," said he, "after I had persevered a year in abstinence, according to that blessed pledge, taken on that awful day, on the spot in the log hut, which sees me sometimes with spectral horror, after keeping it sacredly a year, I submitted myself to the Church, of which my wife, who has been an angel helping me, was a member. Prospects attended my worldly business. I wanted to be more useful: I needed something more, and commenced studies for the ministry. My dear friend and brother, I am now a minister of the everlasting gospel."

The principal work is clearing away weeds and trash, and preparing for a better month. Whenever the season will admit of working the soil abroad a good coat of manure over it, and work it deeply at once, either with the spade, or a good turning plough, so as to have the land ready for the crop. In fact the manuring and deep working of the soil can not be too much urged upon. Good vegetables are one of the greatest, cheapest and most wholesome luxuries, which almost every family can raise with but little trouble; but it is folly to expect to raise fine vegetables without heavy manuring, deep working, and frequent stirring of the soil.

Whenever cabbage plants have been raised in the Autumn under protection, they should now be looked after, and as much air as possible given them during mild weather, taking care, however, to cover them up again during frosty nights. The best varieties for early use are: *Early Wakefield* and *Early Orkney*. Early Peas may be planted, though they seldom come to much. *Prince Albert* and *Extra Early* are amongst the best early Peas.

Should the soil be in proper order for sowing, onions (black seed) may now be planted; the seed bed in the ground for a long time and should it come up, it is hardy enough to withstand pretty severe frosts; Portuguese and Red Weatherfield are the best kinds. If Parsley was not sown in the autumn, it should now be put in the ground as soon as possible.

South of this, say at latitude 31 degrees and further South, all spring-work will begin in earnest, sowing and planting all the hardy vegetables, as cabbage, turnips, beets, Irish potatoes, radishes, lettuce and others.

Comes with me to the death-bed of the Christian. His family are gathered around him, and are listening for the last to his words of instruction! Hark! he is imploring them to put no value upon the fleeting things of this world, but place their trust in God. He too, has passed away, and his friends gather around his grave, and hear those solemn words: "Mingle ashes with ashes, and dust with its original dust;" they feel in their inmost souls the solemnity of this truth. "They are passing away."

South of this, say at latitude 31 degrees and further South, all spring-work will begin in earnest, sowing and planting all the hardy vegetables, as cabbage, turnips, beets, Irish potatoes, radishes, lettuce and others.

Comes with me to the death-bed of the Christian. His family are gathered around him, and are listening for the last to his words of instruction! Hark! he is imploring them to put no value upon the fleeting things of this world, but place their trust in God. He too, has passed away, and his friends gather